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164 753 [521] of illness, no matter how slight, is a favourite subject of conversation. Colds, cough, stomach-ache, neuralgia, and other minor ailments make them miserable, although they can cure them effectively with domestic concoctions of herbs, roots, barks, [757] flowers, and especially by massage, which they have developed into a real science. However, despite the appearance of being an unusually healthy race, the Balinese are victims of many serious afflictions for which they know no cure.

164 Worst among these are the widespread venereal diseases; syphilis and gonorrhœa seem to prevail although in an inherited, latent state. Supposedly of ancient introduction, the diseases do not appear in malignant forms and the Balinese seem to have developed a certain immunity that makes them carriers despite a healthy appearance. It is common to see the whitish veil of gonorrhœa in the eyes of elderly people and often a boy or a girl of our *bandjar* broke out in sores of an unmistakable origin and had to be sent to the hospital for inoculations. But the reluctance of the Balinese to undertake foreign treatment, the forbidding cost of Salvarsan, and the natural promiscuity do not help the situation.

164 757 278 [165] The violent rainy seasons bring epidemics of tropical fevers, and malaria takes many lives, especially of children. The Balinese attempt to cure the fevers with concoctions of *dadap* leaves, onions, anise, salt, and coal from the hearth, which, after straining, is given to the patient to drink, and he is put to sleep. It is also effective to rub the sides with a paste of mashed *dadap* leaves, onions, anise, and *tinké*, a sort of nutmeg, and to rub the back with coconut oil with scrapings of *dadap* bark; but quinine is rapidly gaining popularity. The Balinese love a clear skin and they are disturbed by the prevalent skin diseases, from the ugly but harmless *kurab*, a skin discolouration produced by a parasitic fungus, to itches, frambœsia, and tenacious tropical ulcers. The *kurab* (called *bulenan* when in small patches) appears as whitish spots on the brown skin and spreads all over if not checked. It is cured by rubbing the affected areas with *lalang*

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grass, but it has been discovered that it disappears quickly with salycilic alcohol from the Chinese druggists. Itches are cured with lemon juice, coconut oil, and frequent baths in hot water in which *legundí* and *ketawalí* leaves are macerated.

People after middle age complain of "bone trouble," rheumatism, due to the extreme humidity of the island, and as a preventive they wear bracelets of *kayú ulí*, a sort of black coral from Borneo. It is said that the pain can be driven out by marking the feet with a hot iron, which does not hurt the patient because "the teeth of the fire are taken away by a *mantra*." Headaches are cured by massage, but it helps to spray the forehead with a mixture of crushed ginger and mashed bedbugs. For stomachache they drink the red infusion of *medaráh* bark from Java. A cough is relieved by drinking an infusion of *blimbing buluh* flowers mixed with parched, grated coconut, also sprayed externally on the throat. Head colds are cured by massage, but it is good for sneezing to smell a piece of *telor* bark three times. Such are the most common of domestic remedies, but for each illness there are seven medicines used consecutively when the preceding ones fail to give relief. The keystone of Balinese medicine is the principle of "hot" and "cold," irritating and refreshing, also applied to foods. Thus a heated or irritated condition is cured by a cooling medicine.

The Balinese are helpless in the case of infected wounds, but it is always a means of breaking the ice with a foreign neighbour to ask for medicine for an infected cut covered with a greenish mess and wrapped in a dirty rag. Rose treated many such cases soon after our arrival in Belaluan and eventually we had a great circle of faithful friends who brought presents of food to show their appreciation. On our return trip we found that the full responsibility for such cases had fallen on our American friends Jack and Katharane Mershon, former dancers, who had settled on the malarial Sanur coast, where they conducted an improvised but effective free clinic. They spent their spare money on medicines and took turns every day treating scores of people,